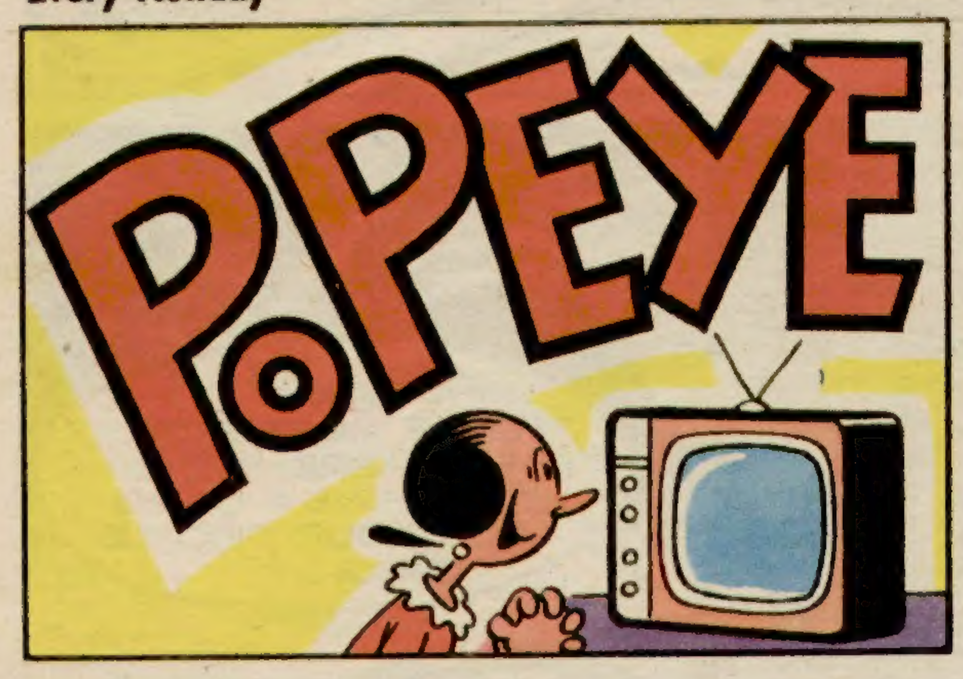
TV COMIC

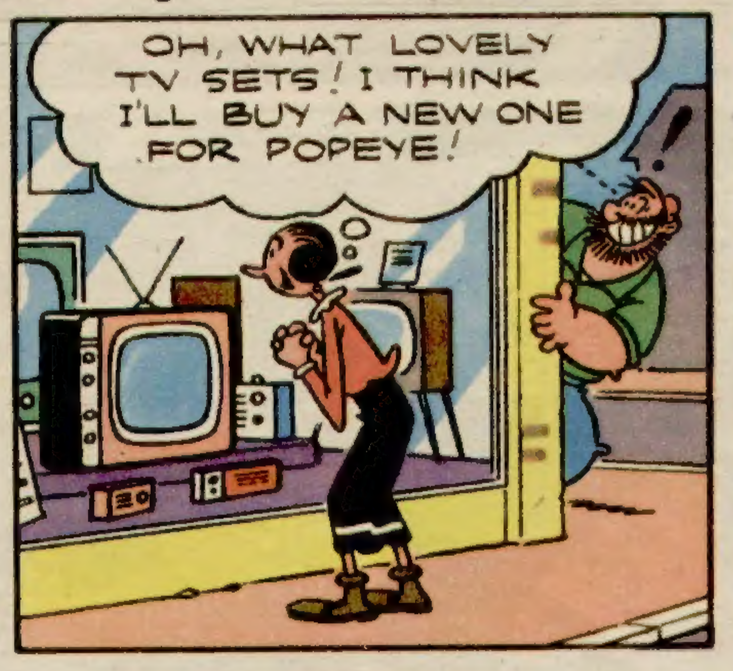
Free! INSIDE a full-colour portrait of the Rolling Stones plus three other favourite stars

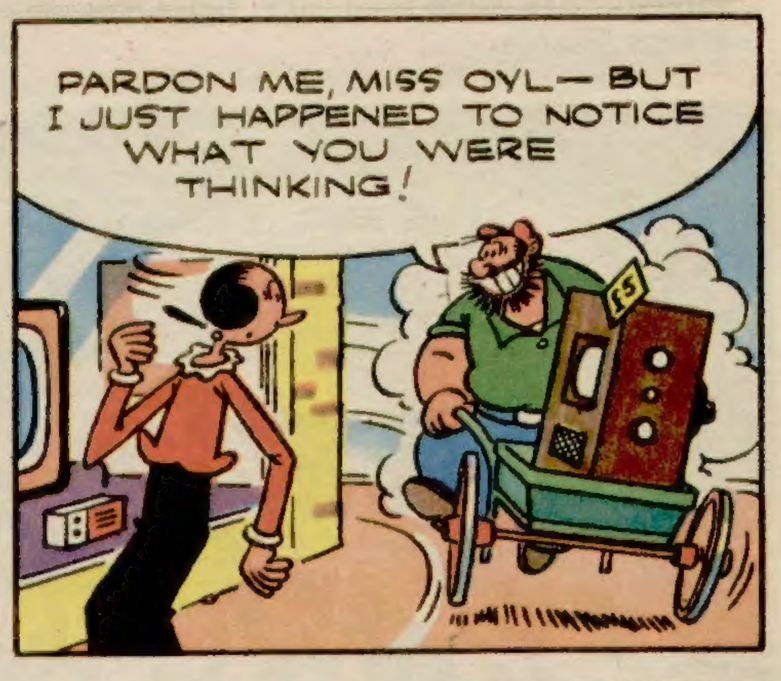
6D

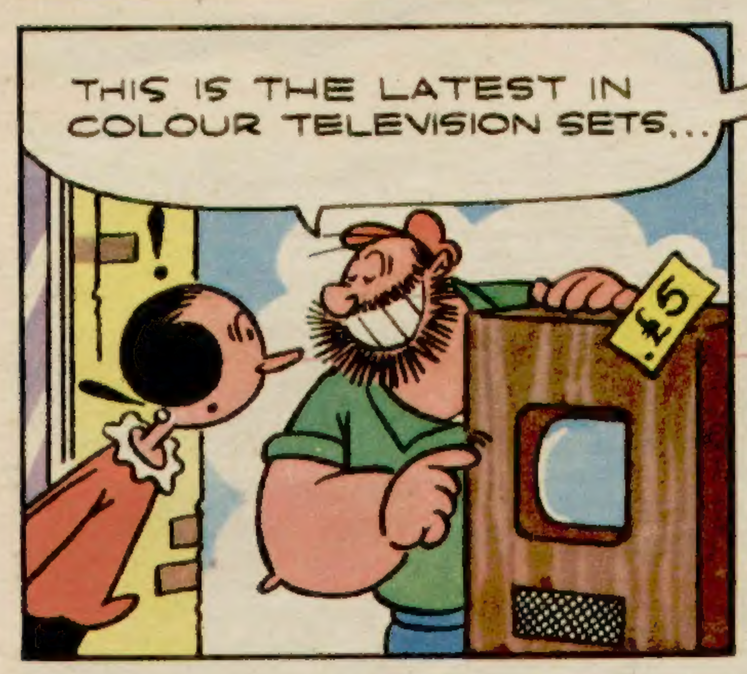
Every Monday — Week Ending 20th February, 1965 — Number 688

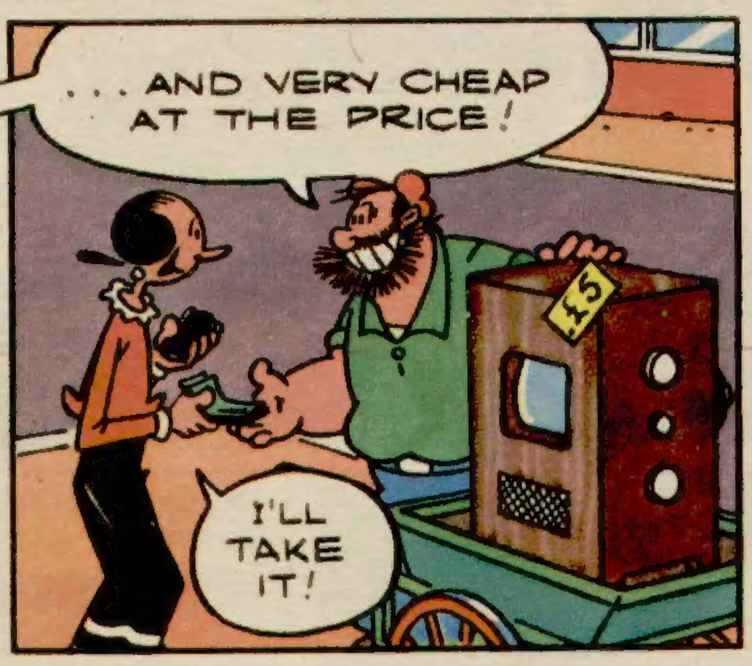
POPEYE

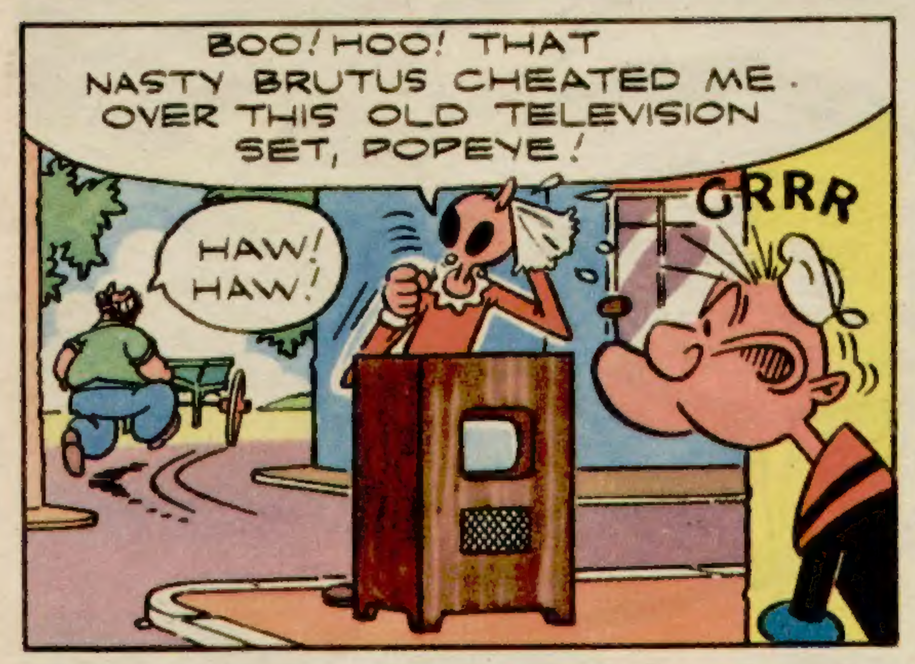


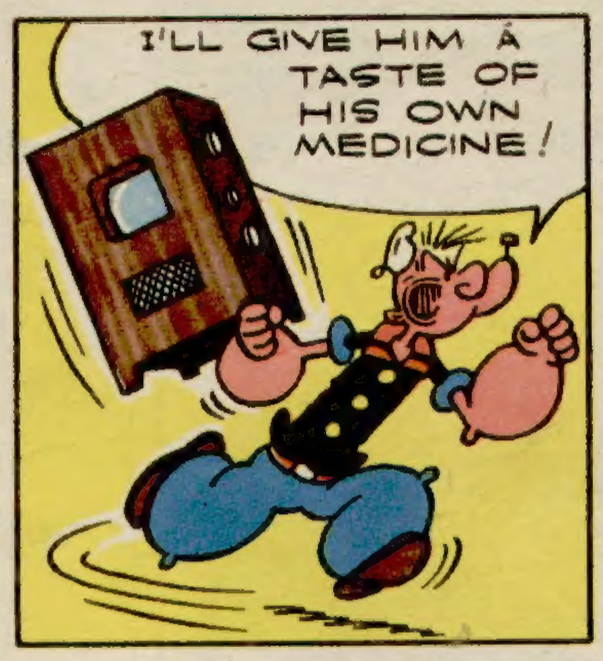


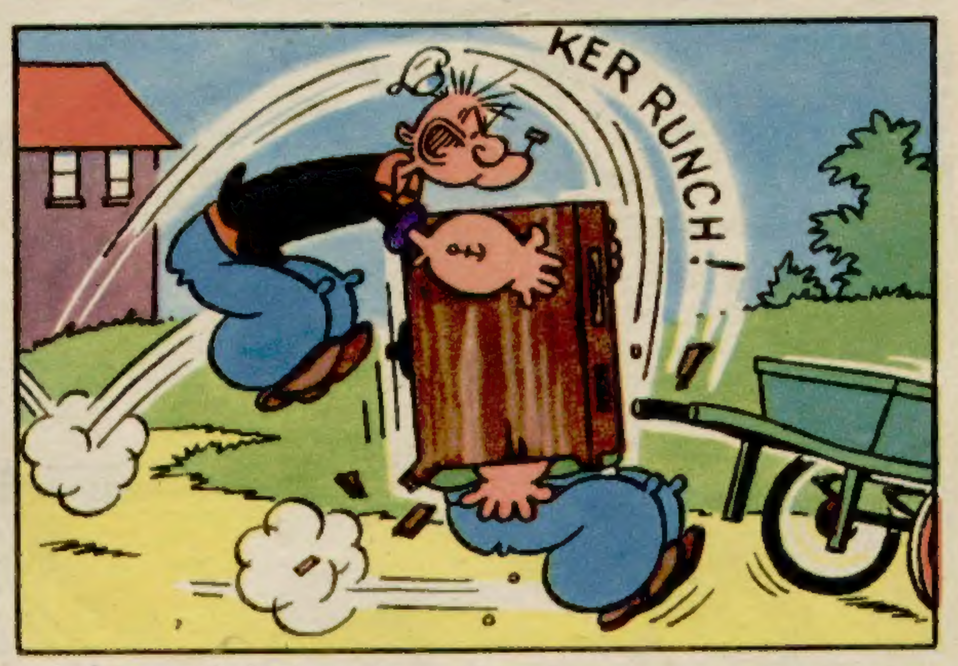


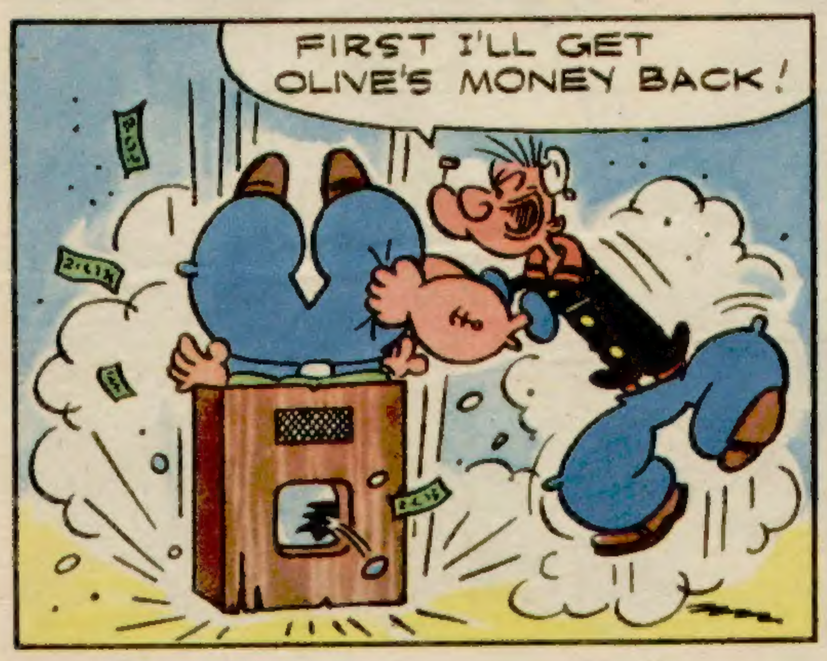


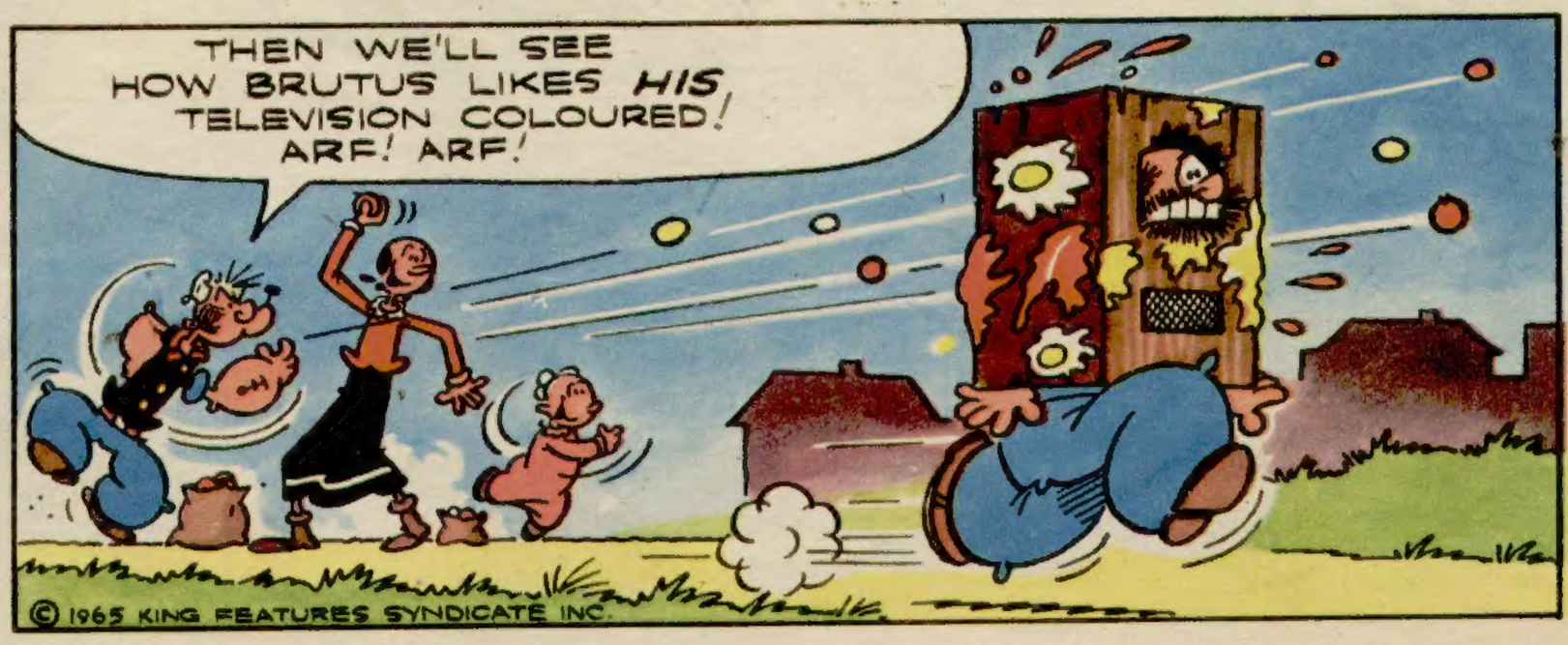












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DOCTOR WHO

Dr. Who, with John, Gillian and the Therovian Grig, travel to the ice planet Ixon in search of a rare moss which they hope will cure a strange weakness that has fallen on the planet Theros.

WE'VE BEEN TRAVELLING FOR HOURS! WE MUST BE NEAR THE CENTRE OF THE PLANET, YET IT GETS NO WARMER! IXON MUST BE A SOLID BALL OF ICE!

THE END OF THE TRACK! WE'LL HAVE TO FINISH THE JOURNEY ON FOOT!
GOSH! I ONLY HOPE THE MOSS IS THERE AFTER ALL WE'VE GONE THROUGH TO FIND IT!

LATER...
WE'VE MADE IT! THE CENTRE OF THE PLANET!
AND LOOK! THERE'S MOSS GROWING EVERYWHERE! WE'LL SOON HAVE A CURE FOR YOUR PEOPLE, GRIG!

SUDDENLY...
THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! GRAB AS MUCH OF THE STUFF AS...
GRIG— GET BACK! TAKE COVER, EVERYONE, BEFORE THAT MONSTER CHARGES!

HE'LL NEVER DO IT! THE BRUTE'S TOO STRONG FOR HIM!

WITH A GREAT BURST OF ENERGY, THE THEROVIAN FIGHTS BACK...

WITH A FINAL HEAVE, GRIG FORCES THE MONSTER INTO THE YAWNING CREVASSE...

HE'S WON! HE'S WON!

WELL DONE, GRIG!

GET A MOVE ON! THERE MIGHT BE SOME MORE MONSTERS ABOUT!

A SHORT TIME LATER, THEY HEAD BACK TO THE IXONS' ICE CITY...

NOW WE MUST QUICKLY RETURN TO MY PLANET WITH THE MOSS!

I HOPE WE'VE GOT ENOUGH OF THE STUFF TO DO THE TRICK!

NEVILLE MAIN

BUT FRESH TROUBLE AWAITS THEM...

RIGHT— GET OUT OF THERE! AND DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS! THE GREAT IXA WANTS TO SEE YOU STRAIGHT AWAY!

WHAT'S HAPPENED? THE IXONS WERE FRIENDLY AND HELPFUL WHEN WE LEFT ON OUR QUEST!

THE LEADER OF THE IXONS LAUGHS SCORNFULLY...

SO! YOU HAVE RETURNED! YOU WALKED STRAIGHT INTO MY TRAP! THE MOSS IS MINE AND I SHALL SELL IT FOR THE HIGHEST PRICE TO THE THEROVIANS! TAKE THESE FOOLS AWAY, GUARDS, AND LOCK THEM UP!

© BBC tv 1965

Don't miss next week's exciting Dr. Who story

Foo Foo and GOGO

by Halas & Batchelor

...SO WE SHALL SOON NEED MANY MORE HIGHLY-TRAINED ASTRONAUTS...

SAY, WHY DON'T WE HELP SCIENCE BY BECOMING ASTRONAUTS?

HUH! CATCH ME SITTING ON TOP OF A BIG ROCKET-NO THANKS!

ALL RIGHT, CRY-BABY! WELL I'M OFF TO THE ASTRONAUTICAL TRAINING SCHOOL RIGHT NOW!

?

ARE YOU SURE WE'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE?

NAUTICAL TRAINING SCHOOL No.689

OF COURSE! LOOK AT ALL THE TECHNICAL EQUIPMENT THEY'VE GOT THERE!

INSIDE...

ISN'T THIS PHYSICAL TRAINING FUN? BET YOU'RE GLAD YOU CAME ALONG AFTER ALL!

PHEW! THESE LEAD-SOLED BOOTS ARE VERY HEAVY!

THEY HAVE TO BE-THERE'S NOT MUCH GRAVITY ON THE MOON!

CLONK!

CLONK!

BASH!

IT'S THE LATEST FASHION IN HEADGEAR, SIR! -HO-HO!

HELMET FITTING SECTION

BUT WHY ARE THEY TAKING US OUT TO SEA?

I EXPECT THE ROCKET LAUNCHING PAD IS ON A SMALL ISLAND-SAFER YOU KNOW!

RIGHT LADDIES! GET READY FOR YOUR FIRST TEST DIVE IN TEN MINUTES SHARP!

?

DIVING TRAINING SHIP No65

DIVE? BUT I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO THE MOON!

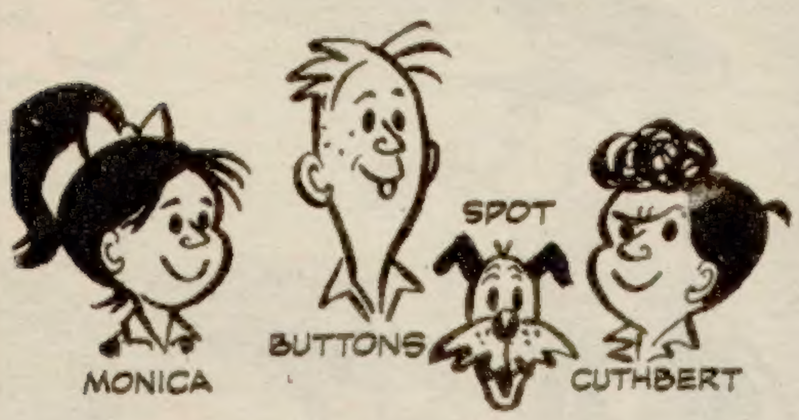
AYE, SO YE WILL LADDIE, IF YE DINNA STOP THE FUNNY TALK-GET A MOVE ON!

GRR! JUST LIKE YOU TO GO TO THE WRONG TRAINING SCHOOL-YOU NAUTICAL NIT!

Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo"

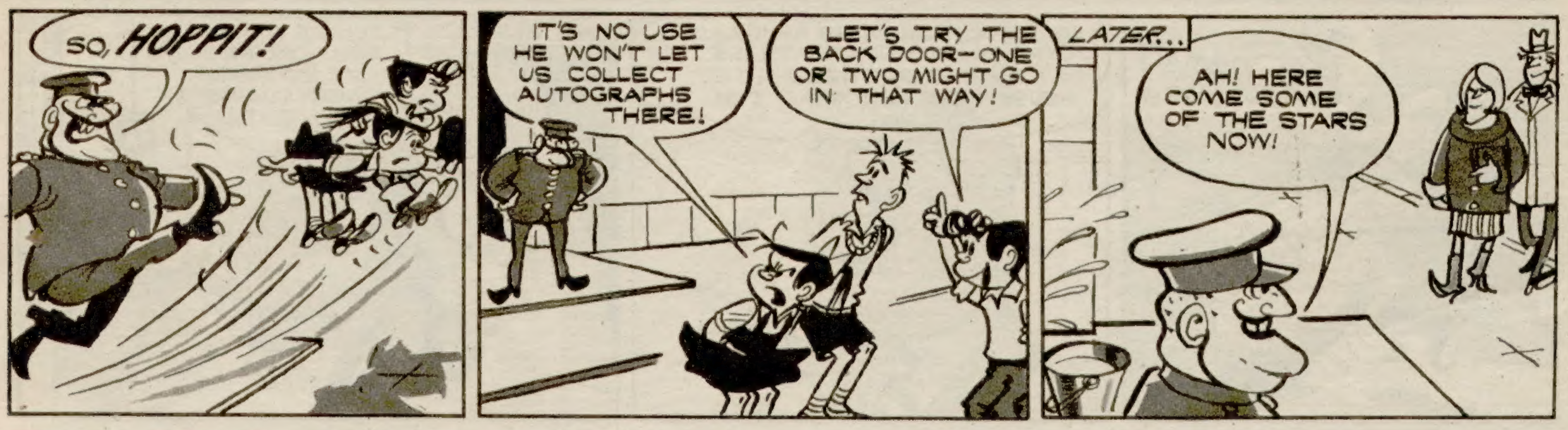
There's no business like snow business next week

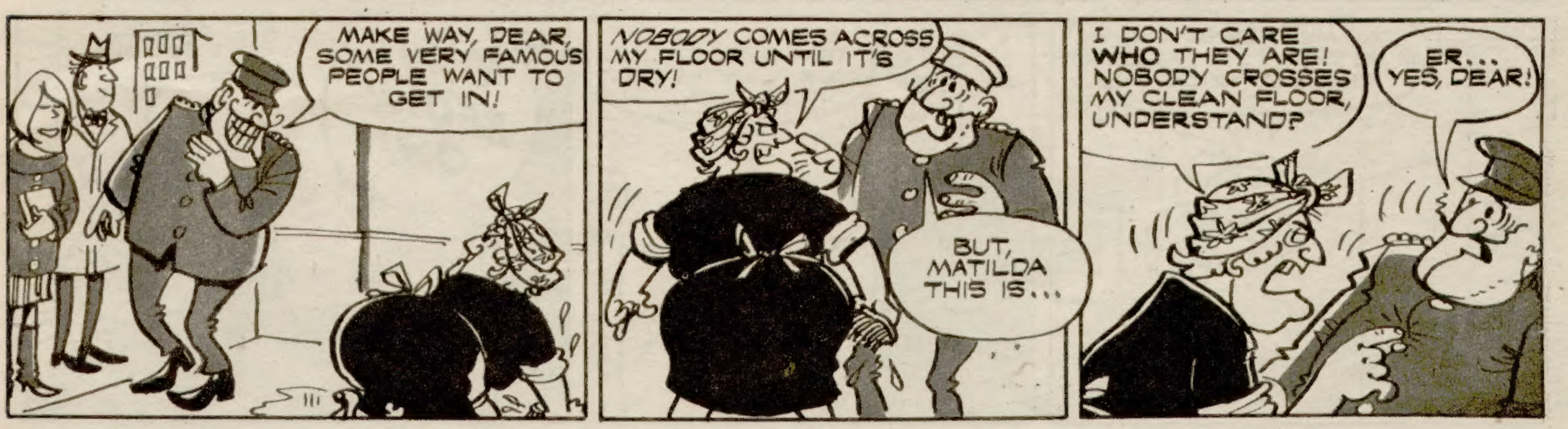
TV TERRORS

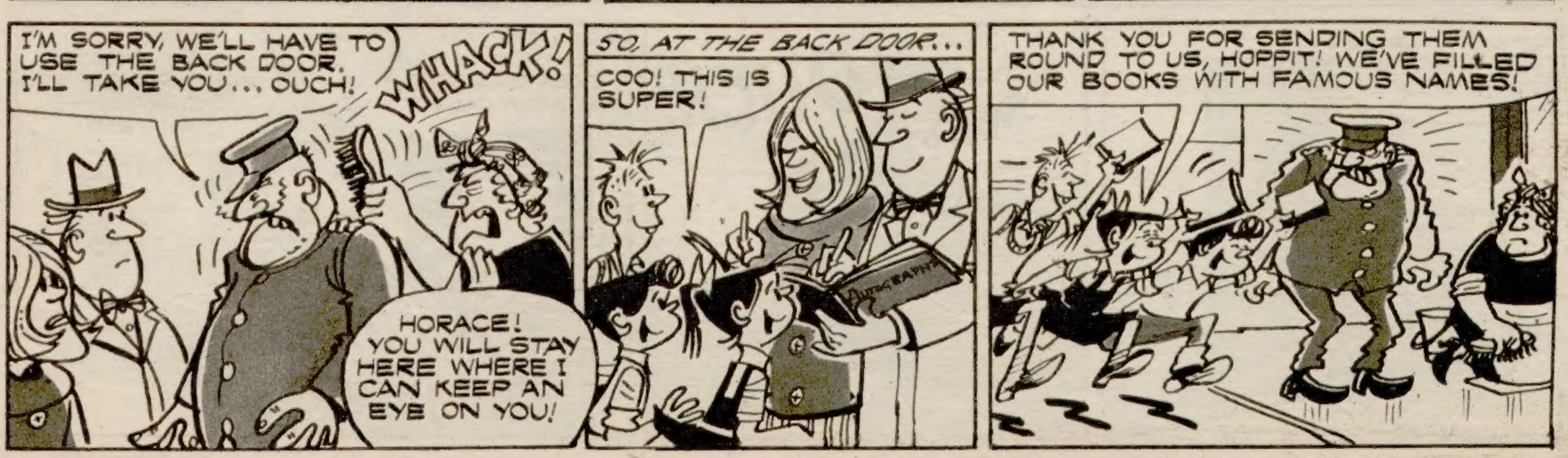


JUST LOOK AT ALL THE BIG NAMES ON THE BILL TONIGHT!
TV ALL-STAR VARIETY SHOW TONIGHT!
SANDY SHORE
THE HAIRIES
VICTOR SOU'WESTER
LESLIE GROWLER
ETC. ETC. ETC.
IT'S AN AUTOGRAPH-HUNTERS DREAM!
LET'S GET ROUND TO THE STUDIO AND CATCH THEM AS THEY ARRIVE FOR REHEARSALS!
VICTOR S
LESLIE
ETC. E

MEANWHILE, HOPPIT LEAVES HOME FOR WORK...
NOW LOOK, MATILDA, YOU DON'T NEED A JOB!
THERE'S A CLEANING JOB GOING AT THE STUDIOS AND I'M DOING IT, SO THAT'S THAT!
SO...
I GOT THE JOB SO MIND WHERE YOU PUT THOSE GREAT BOOTS OF YOURS, I'M GOING TO SCRUB THIS ENTRANCE!
LET'S WAIT HERE FOR THE TV STARS TO ARRIVE!
ERE, YOU LOT, I'VE GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE AS IT IS!


SO, HOPPIT!
IT'S NO USE HE WON'T LET US COLLECT AUTOGRAPHS THERE!
LET'S TRY THE BACK DOOR—ONE OR TWO MIGHT GO IN THAT WAY!
LATER...
AH! HERE COME SOME OF THE STARS NOW!

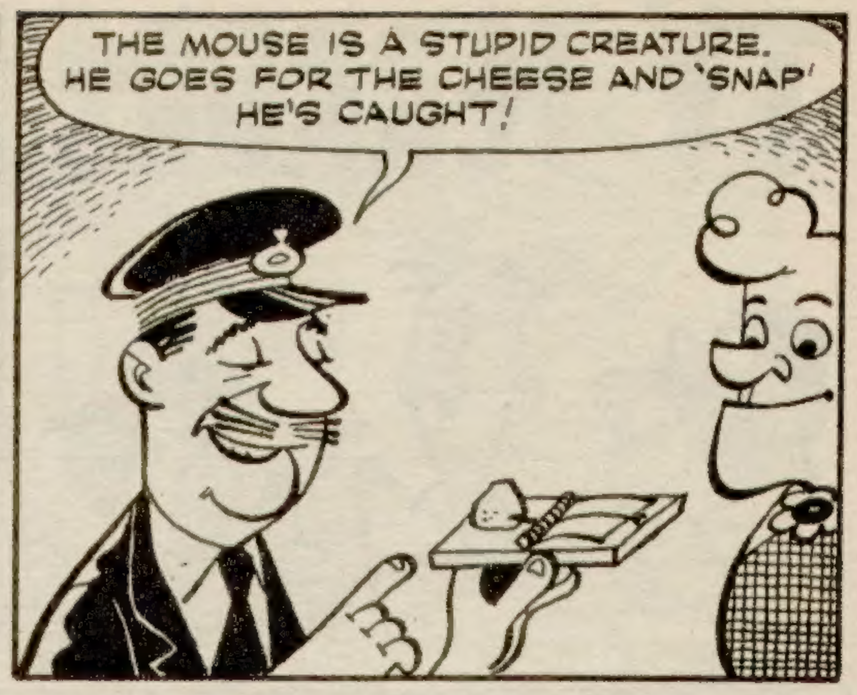

MAKE WAY, DEAR, SOME VERY FAMOUS PEOPLE WANT TO GET IN!
NOBODY COMES ACROSS MY FLOOR UNTIL IT'S DRY!
BUT, MATILDA THIS IS...
I DON'T CARE WHO THEY ARE! NOBODY CROSSES MY CLEAN FLOOR, UNDERSTAND?
ER... YES, DEAR!

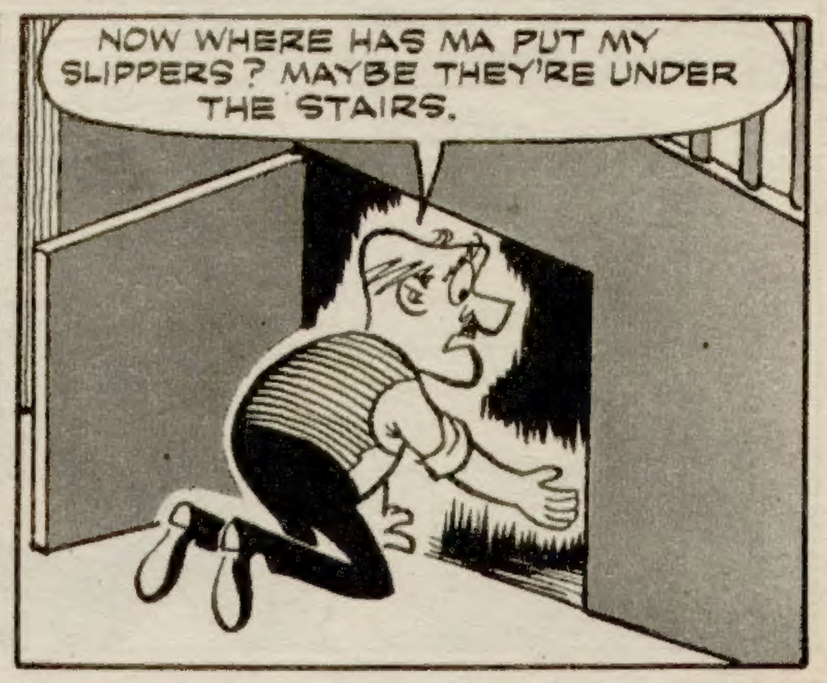

I'M SORRY, WE'LL HAVE TO USE THE BACK DOOR. I'LL TAKE YOU... OUCH!
WHACK!
HORACE! YOU WILL STAY HERE WHERE I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON YOU!
SO, AT THE BACK DOOR...
COO! THIS IS SUPER!
THANK YOU FOR SENDING THEM ROUND TO US, HOPPIT! WE'VE FILLED OUR BOOKS WITH FAMOUS NAMES!

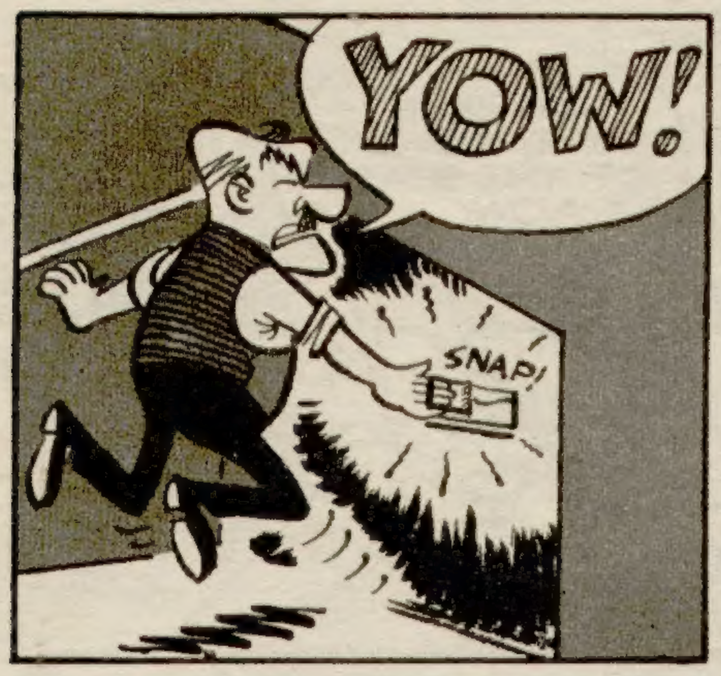
It's Hoppit who gets the boot next week

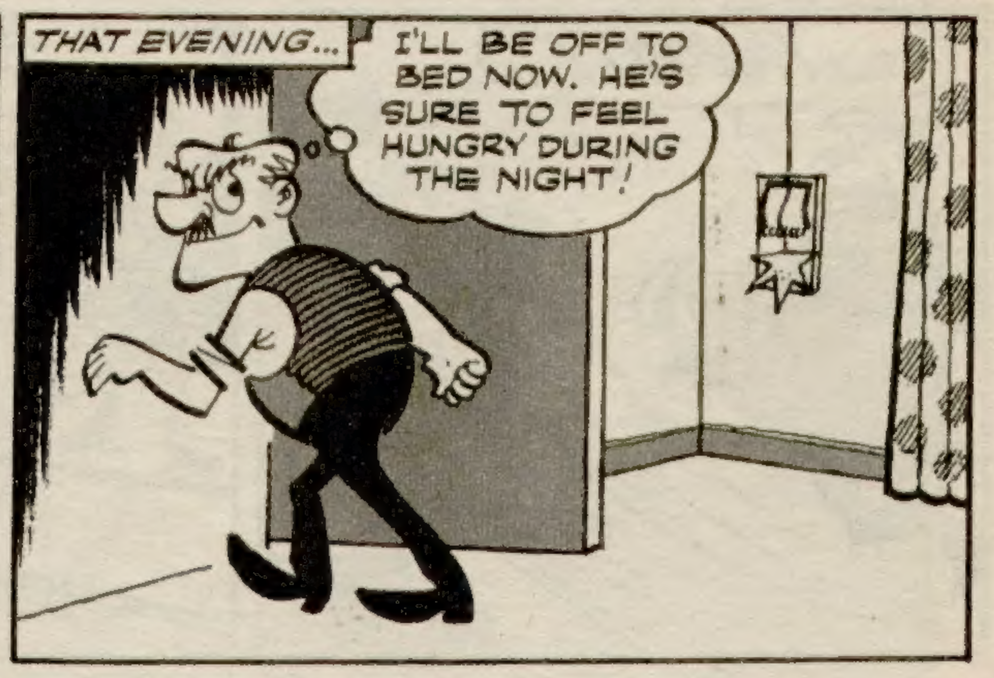
MIGHTY MOTH

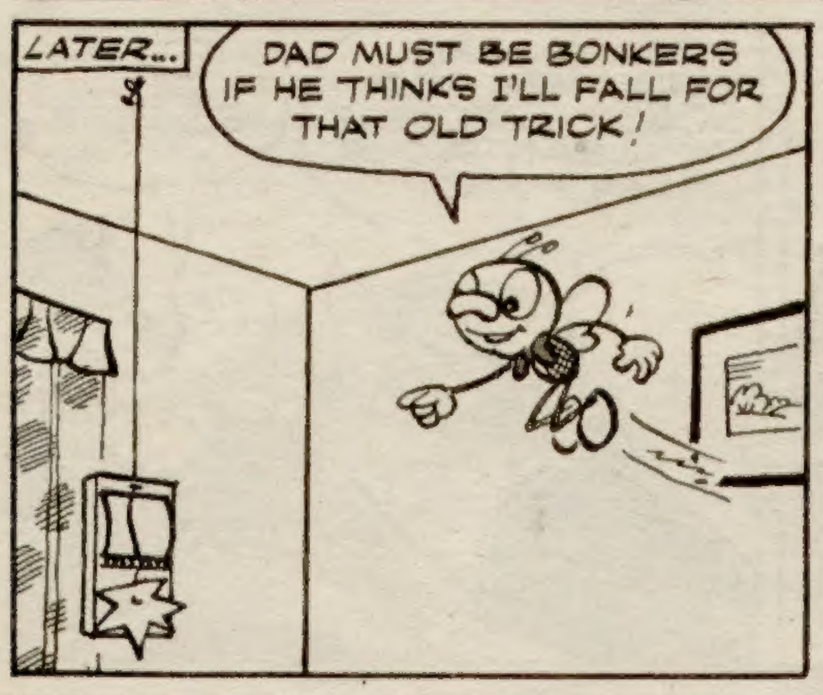
I'M FROM THE COUNCIL HEALTH DEPARTMENT, MADAM. WE'VE HAD A LOT OF MICE IN THIS AREA AND I'M LAYING TRAPS IN ALL THE HOUSES.
COME IN.

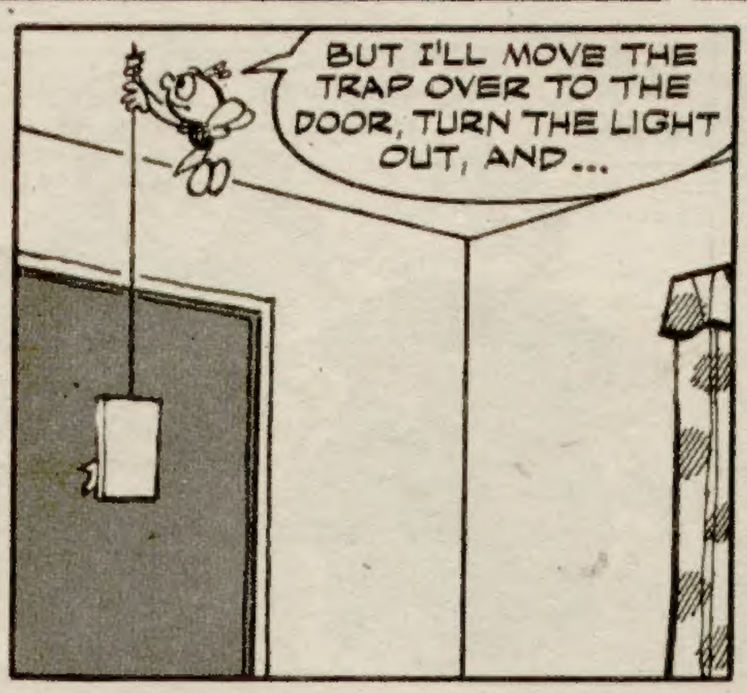


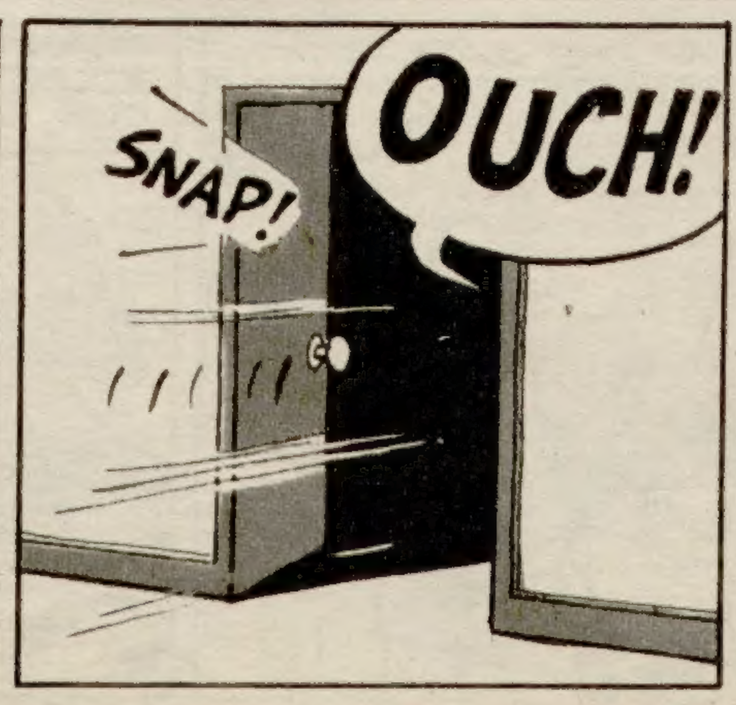








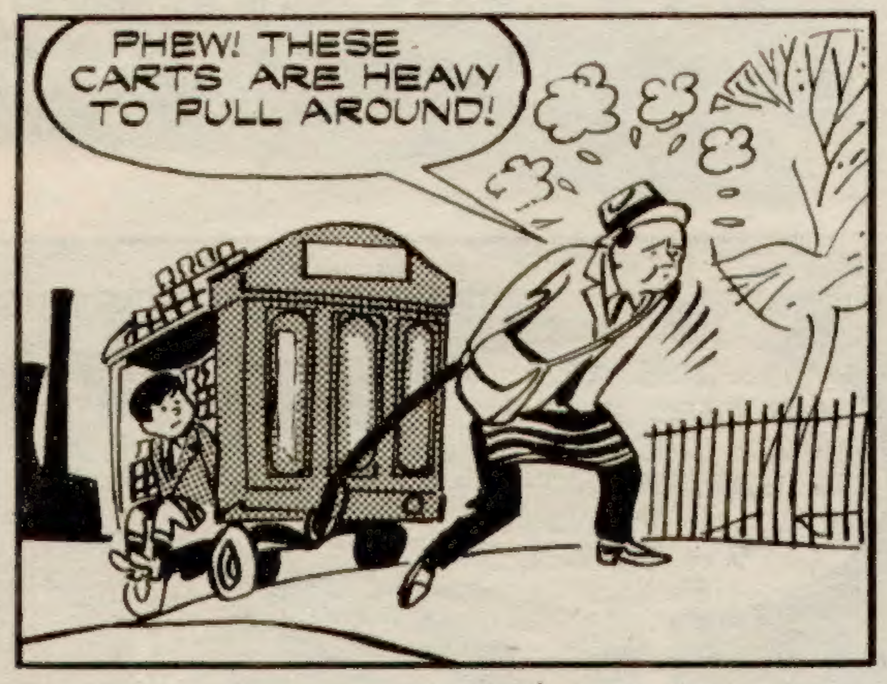


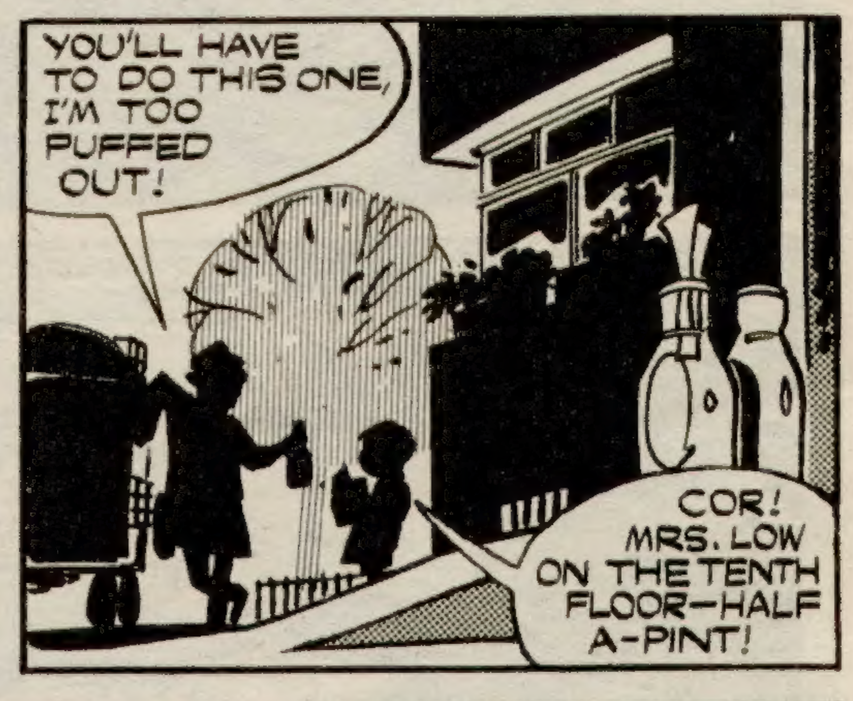


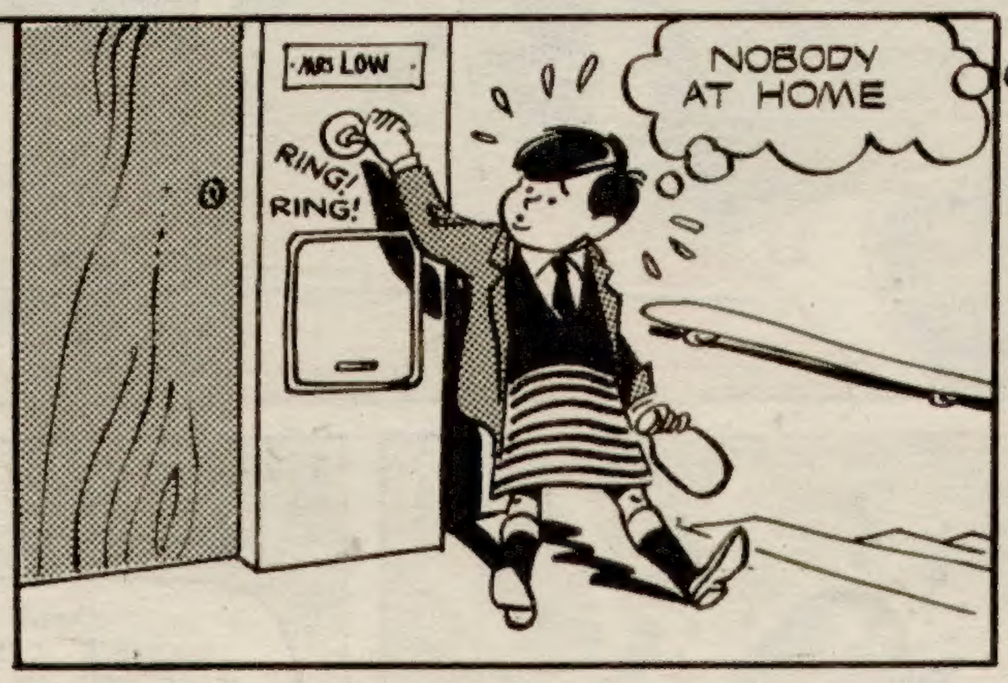
WELL, THE MAN SET THE TRAP FOR A STUPID CREATURE, AND IT CERTAINLY CAUGHT ONE!
HO! HO! HO! NOW DAD 'NOSE' WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP!

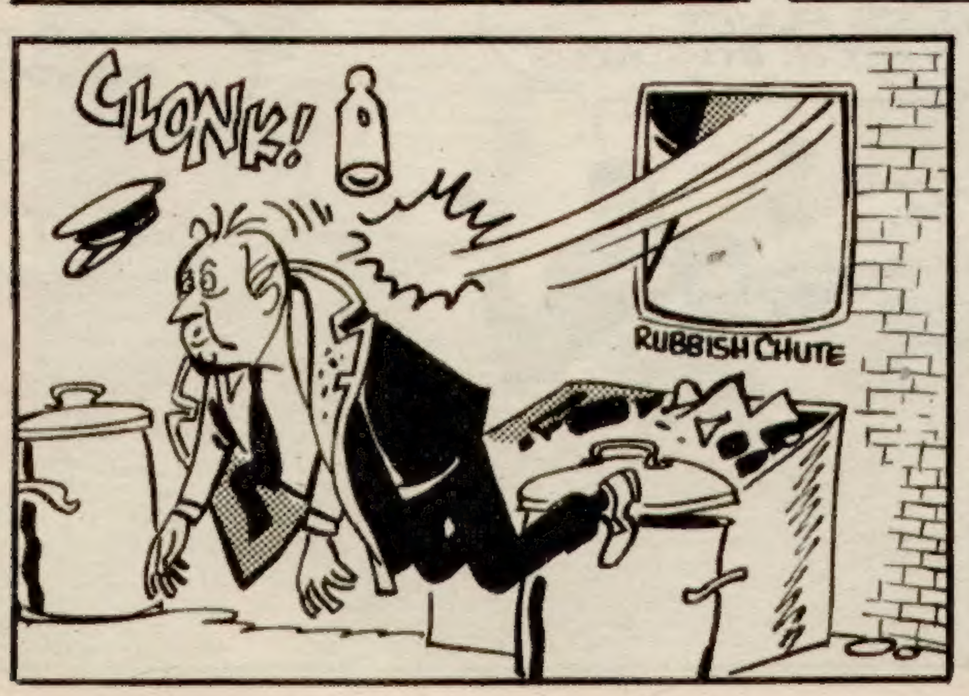
Next week Mighty Moth's on ice

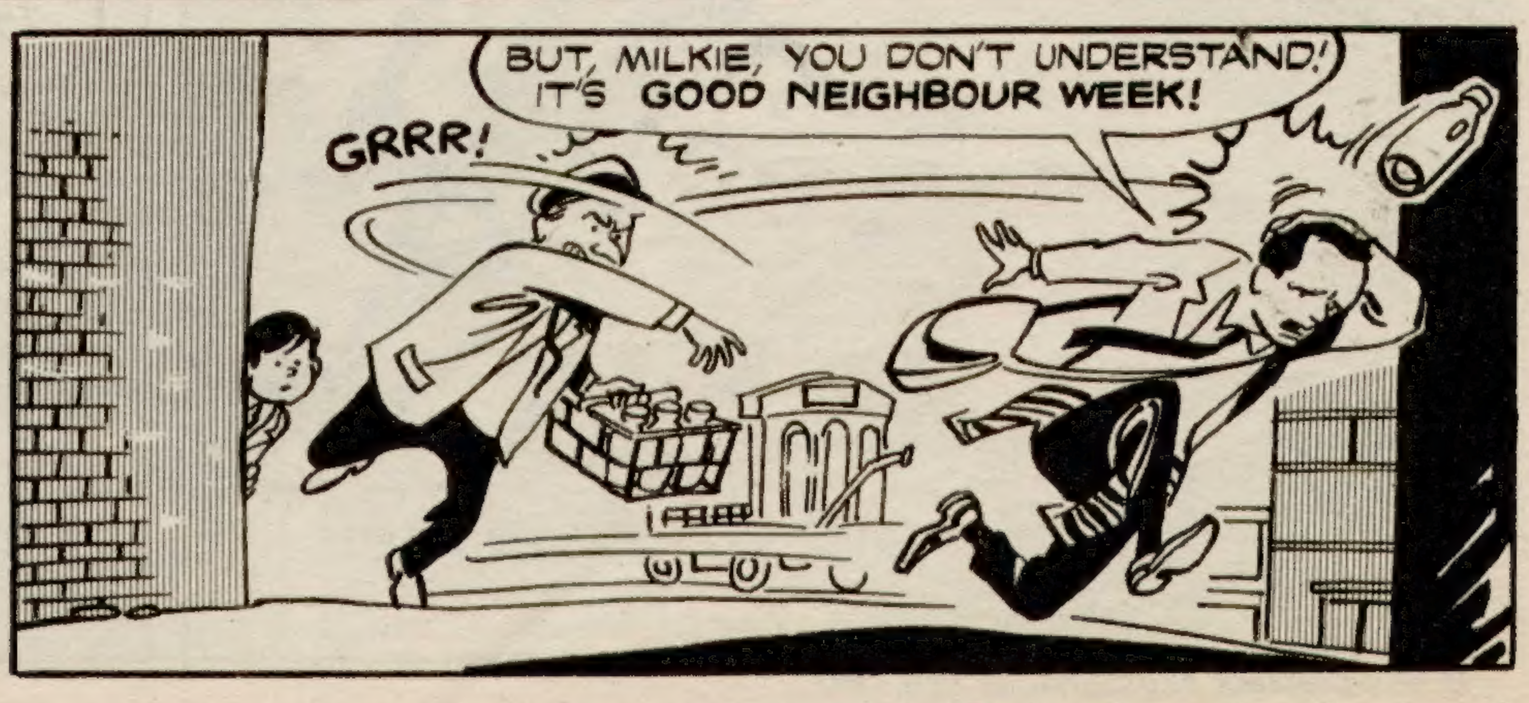
THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY











Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show"

Next week Dickie tears his hair while Richard combs the beach

CAPTAIN DART and his crew narrowly escape death in the Dectium mines of Omega. They take control of a repair waggon which is returning to the headquarters of the rebel leader, Dr. Fendoe.

WE'RE MOVING, LARRY... AND WE HAVEN'T TOUCHED ONE OF THE CONTROLS!

THAT MEANS WE ARE UNDER AUTOMATIC CONTROL AND WE'LL HAVE TO GO WHERE THIS THING TAKES US!

CORRECT, CAPTAIN DART! AND YOU ARE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR MY HEADQUARTERS!

SPACE PATROL

by ROBERTA LEIGH

AT THIS SPEED IT WOULD BE TOO DANGEROUS TO CHANCE JUMPING FROM THIS WAGGON!

WAIT A MINUTE — WE'RE SLOWING DOWN!

THE WAGGON ROLLS SMOOTHLY TO A HALT...

WE'RE MOVING INTO SOME KIND OF AIRLOCK, AND THE AUTOMATIC POWER HAS BEEN CUT, LARRY!

REMOVE THAT MAN'S GAG, SLIM, I WANT TO QUESTION HIM.

WE ARE INSIDE THE SAFETY LOCK WHICH PROTECTS THE PLANT FROM THE POISONOUS DECTIUM GASSES WHICH SOMETIMES LEAK OUT. FROM HERE YOU CAN USE THE MANUAL CONTROLS ON THE WAGGON.

HAGGARTY'S KEEN SCIENTIFIC MIND SOON MASTERS THE WAGGON'S CONTROLS...

NOW WE HAVE CONTROL OF THIS WAGGON, WE'LL BE ABLE TO PUT UP SOME SORT OF FIGHT.

SUDDENLY, FROM A SIDE ENTRANCE...

SURRENDER, CAPTAIN DART, OR WE SHALL OPEN FIRE WITH OUR ATOMISING GUN!

HE'S BLUFFING, LARRY! HE'D BRING THE WHOLE CHAMBER DOWN ON HIMSELF IF HE USED IT IN HERE!

PROFESSOR HAGGARTY ACTS QUICKLY...

THESE ARE THE FEED PIPES WHERE THE FREIGHTERS ARE LOADED WITH THE DECTIUM POWDER... LET'S HOPE THEY'RE FULL.

AS THE FIRST BREAK IN THE CLOUD APPEARS A SPACE ARMY SHIP ROARS DOWN TO THE ASTEROID...

AS SOON AS THE ARMY HAS TAKEN OVER, PROF, WE'LL LEAVE FOR EARTH!

IF IT'S ALL TH TO YOU, LARRY THE TRIP BACK 347. I'D LIKE TO THE MYSTERY THOSE CONT RADIATION CLO

UNDER COVER OF THE SWIRLING DUST, CAPTAIN DART ROARS INTO ACTION...

THE LIGHT SHELL OF FENDOE'S VEHICLE SPLITS UNDER THE IMPACT, AND THE MEN INSIDE PANIC...

DART... LET US IN! THESE FUMES... THEY'RE POISONOUS!

LET THEM IN, HUSKY!

NO TRICKS, FENDOE!

WITH FENDOE CAPTURED, THE REVOLT COLLAPSES...

NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS NOW, PROF. WE WANT THOSE RADIATION CLOUDS DISPERSED QUICKLY!

© WONDERAMA PRODUCTIONS LTD., 1965

Don't miss next week's smashing new Space P

DART and his arrowly escape Dectium mines They take control waggon which is the headquarters ader, Dr. Fendoe.

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IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, LARRY, I'LL MISS THE TRIP BACK ON THE 347. I'D LIKE TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THOSE CONTROLLED RADIATION CLOUDS.

MEVIN

VER OF THE UST, CAPTAIN INTO ACTION...

THE LIGHT SHELL OF FENDOE'S VEHICLE SPLITS UNDER THE IMPACT, AND THE MEN INSIDE PANIC...

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A PRODUCTIONS LTD., 1965

Don't miss next week's smashing new Space Patrol story.

A full coloured portrait of the Beatles

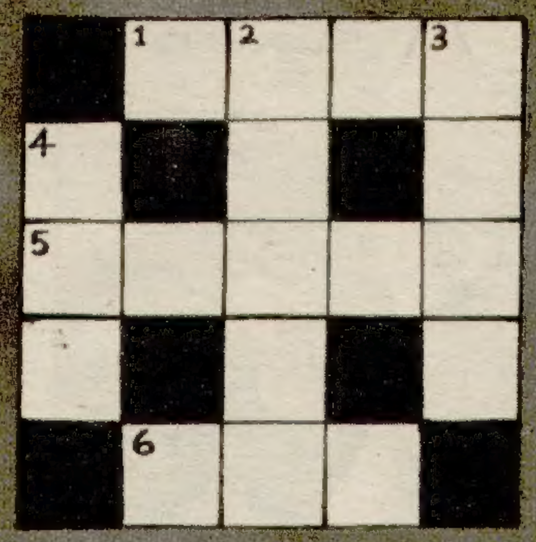
given away *FREE* in next week's

TV COMIC

PLUS coloured pictures of three other favourite TV stars.

order your copy now

PICTURE CROSSWORD



CLUES DOWN

CLUES ACROSS

ANSWERS ON PAGE 13

144 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE!

Just send us your name and address and you will receive a wonderful packet of 144 different stamps, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE together with a selection of Approvals. Please enclose 3d. stamp for postage.

Tell your parents you are writing.

BRIDGNORTH STAMP CO. LTD.
(Dept. K132) BRIDGNORTH, SHROPSHIRE.

FREE! 25 NATURE STAMPS

Yes, absolutely free! To get this fabulous new free gift of stamps showing animals, birds, flowers, etc., together with Approvals, just send your name and address and enclose 3d. for postage to:

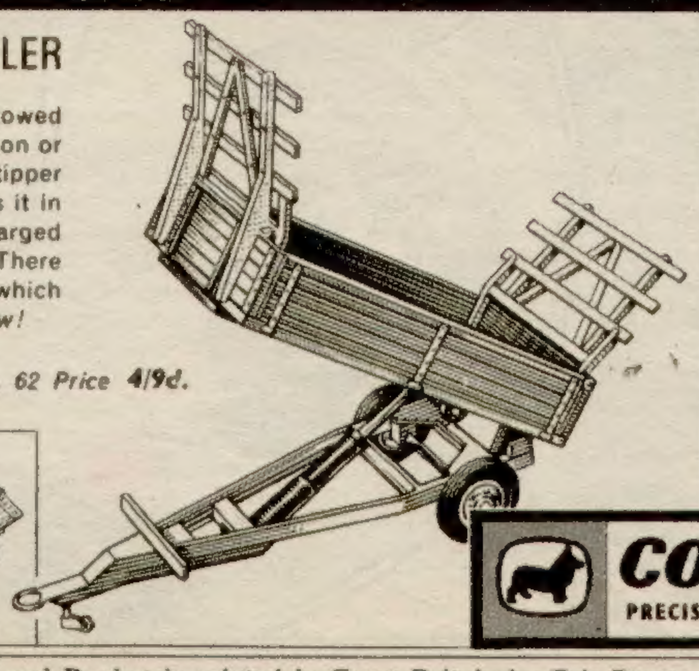
JET STAMPS (Dept. NP2), Much Wenlock, Salop.

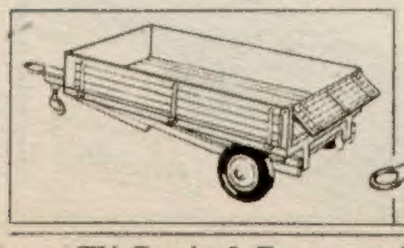
CORGI make models look so real!

FARM TIPPER TRAILER

Another working model to be towed by your Corgi Massey Ferguson or Fordson tractors. Raise the tipper and the 'hydraulic' jack holds it in position—load is then discharged under the hinged tail-gate. There are two detachable raves which permit a larger load. *Get it now!*

Length 4⅜ ins. No. 62 Price **4/9d.**





Look again to Corgi for the greatest in model perfection! Working features, accuracy, and intricate detail are why Corgi Toys are tops! And every month you get super new models! Here's proof!

Ferrari 'BERLINETTA' 250 LE MANS

Corgi's model looks every inch the real thing! And it's loaded with features—just pick it up and see! Open the rear engine cover and look at the detailed engine, petrol tanks and spare wheel! Press the Ferrari down and test the Glidamatic spring suspension! Note the spoked wheels and twin exhaust pipes—found only on the fastest cars! See the wrap-around windscreen, steering wheel, seats and moulded interior. *You can't get more realism than this!*

Length 3¾ ins. No. 314 Price **6/3d.**

CORGI TOYS TRADE MARK REGISTERED PRECISION DIE-CAST SCALE MODELS

see them all at your Corgi shop!

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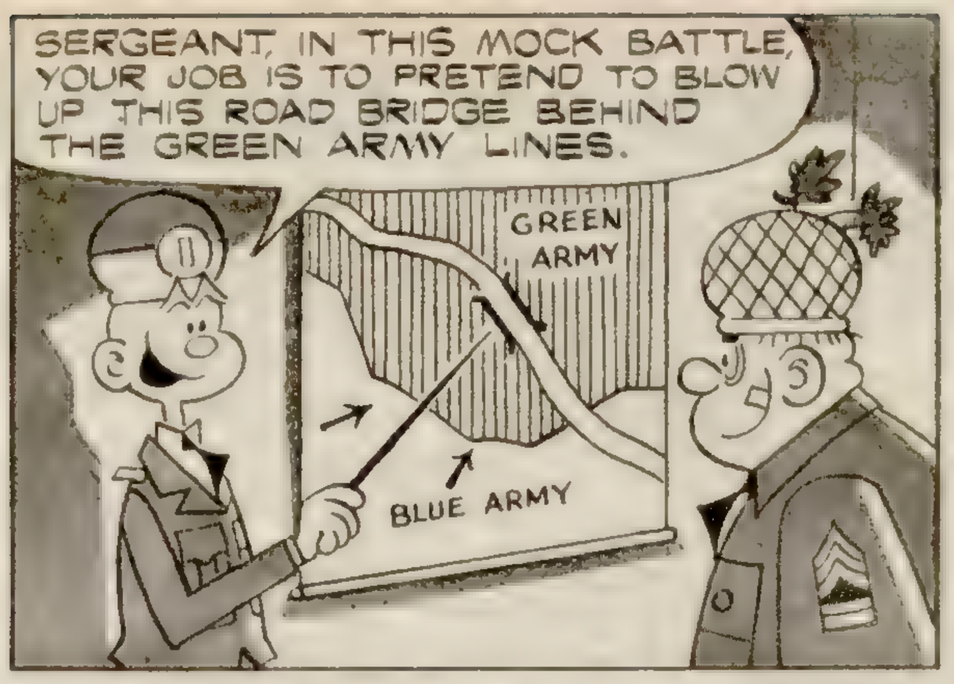
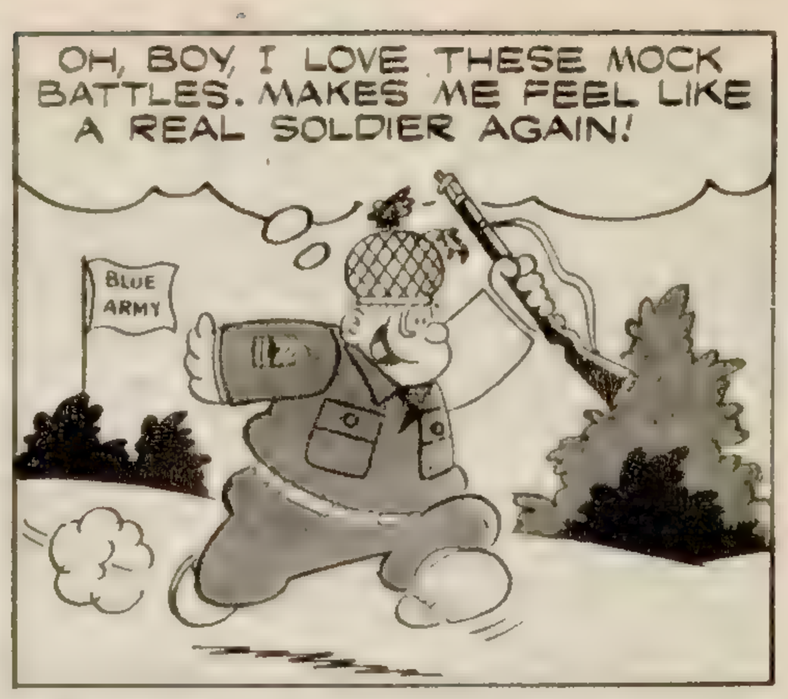
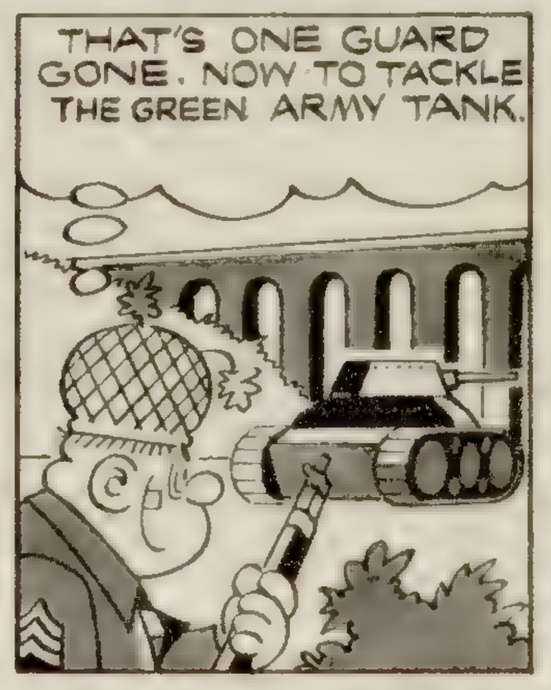
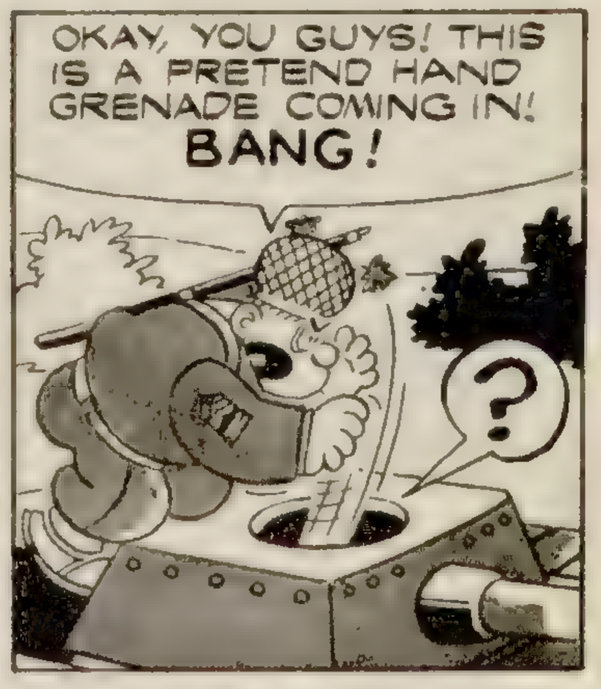
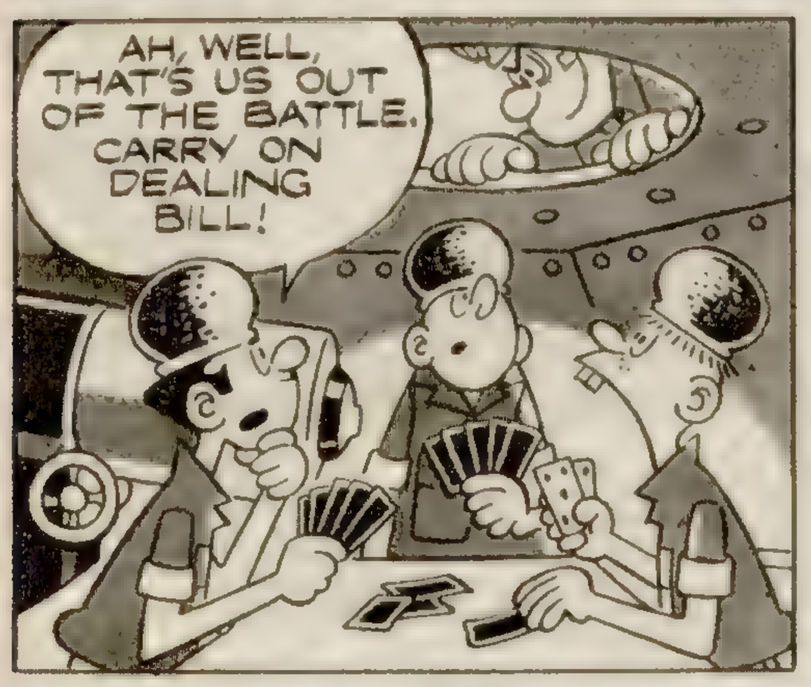
BEETLE BAILEY

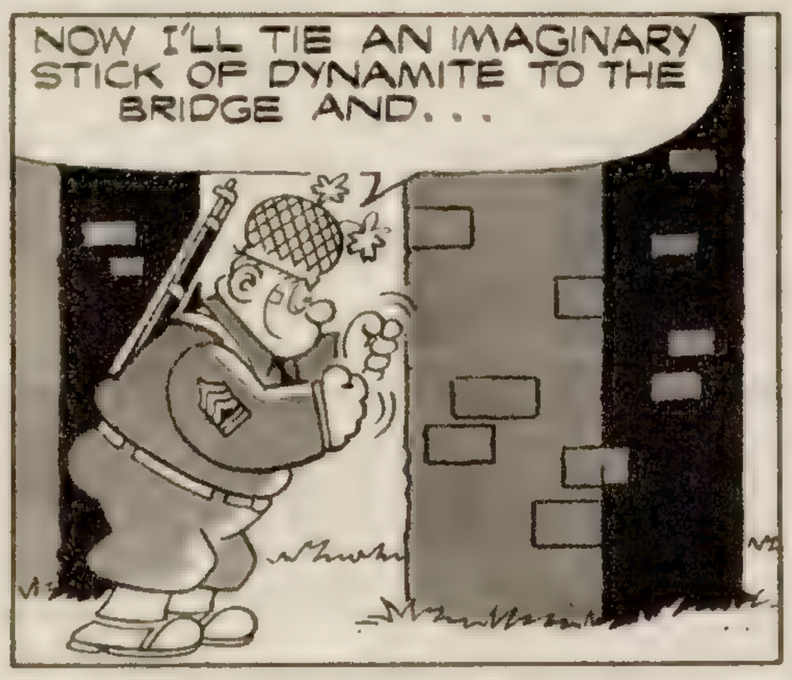

SERGEANT, IN THIS MOCK BATTLE, YOUR JOB IS TO PRETEND TO BLOW UP THIS ROAD BRIDGE BEHIND THE GREEN ARMY LINES.
GREEN ARMY
BLUE ARMY

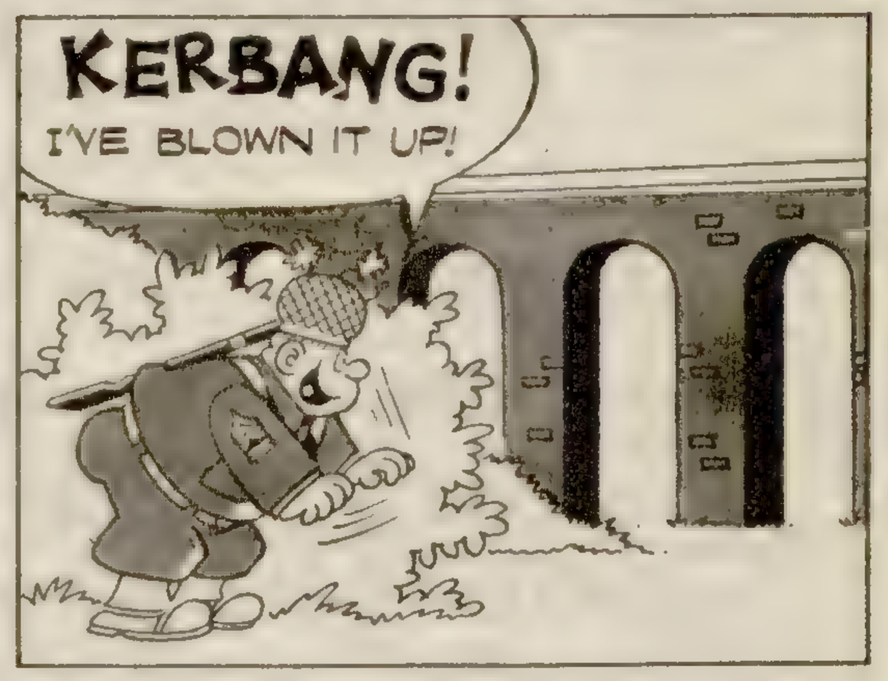


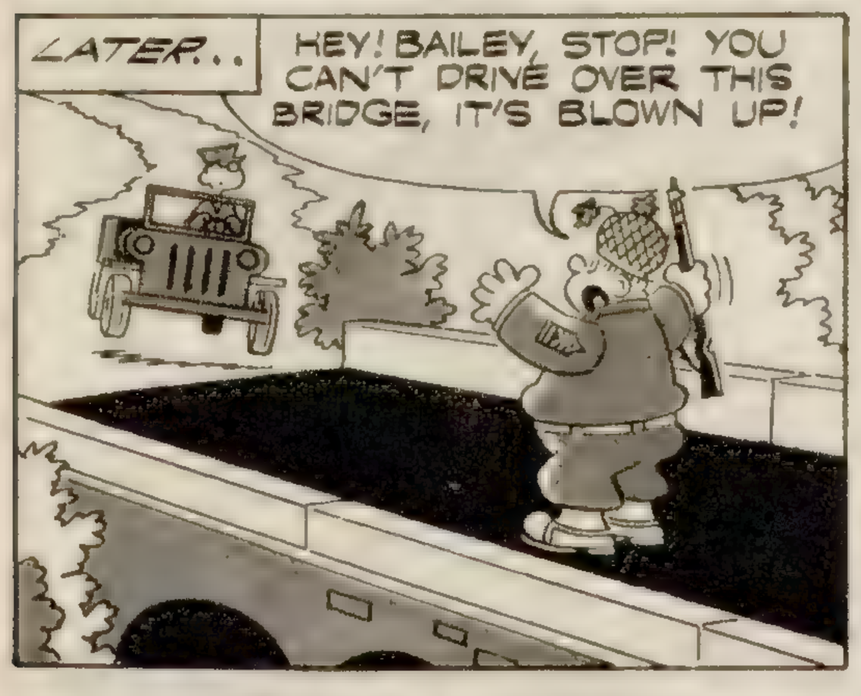


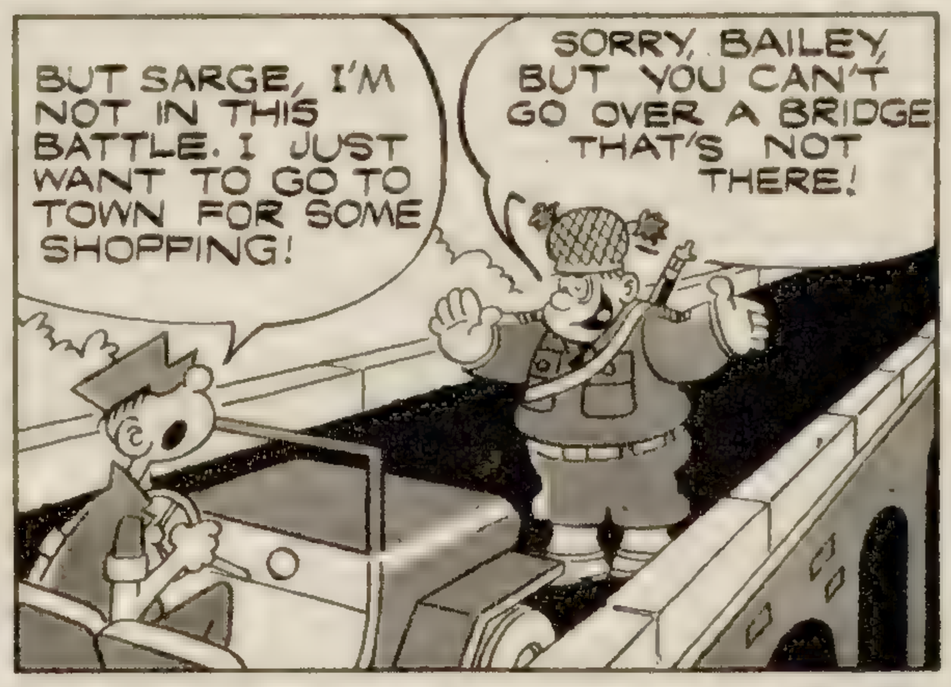


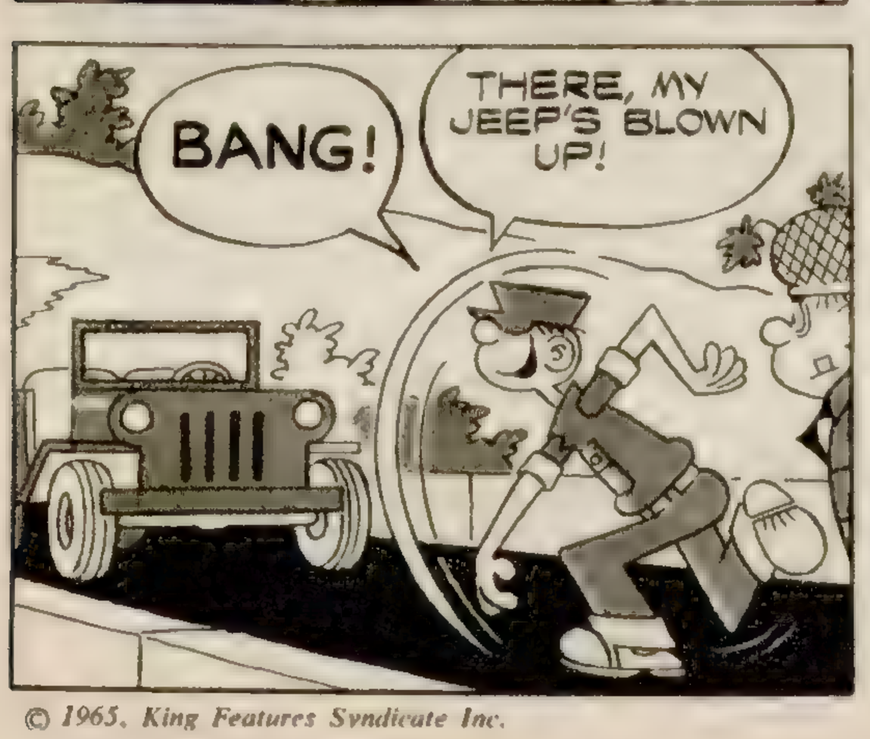


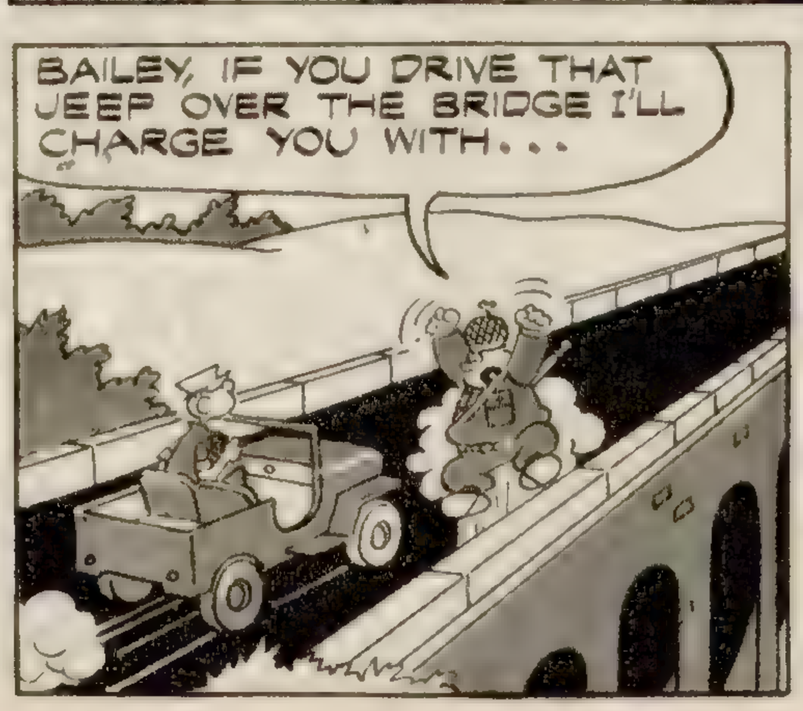


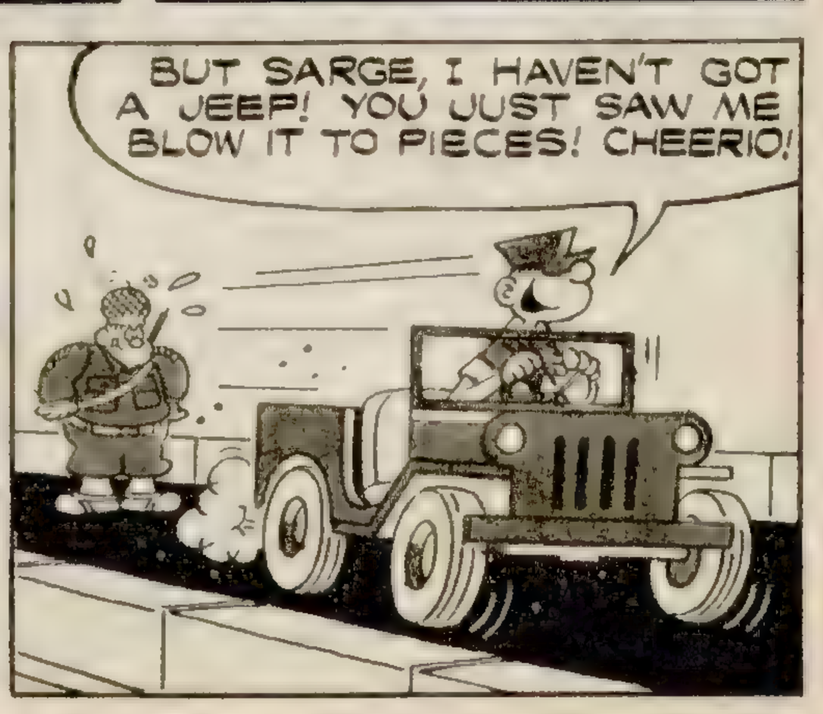





BUT SARGE, I'M NOT IN THIS BATTLE. I JUST WANT TO GO TO TOWN FOR SOME SHOPPING!
SORRY, BAILEY, BUT YOU CAN'T GO OVER A BRIDGE THAT'S NOT THERE!







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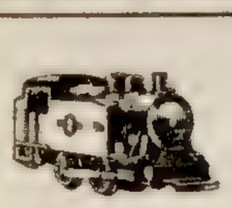
Next week Beetle does good by eating bread pud

BUILD THAT BIG LAYOUT FOR A SMALL OUTLAY

WITH PLAYCRAFT RAILWAYS

Think big! Build big! Because you really can afford to with Playcraft Railways. Your only major outlay is buying your first Playcraft Train Set. But Playcraft prices start as low as 16/11d. and you have 12 excellent sets to choose from. All the additions you make after from a host of rolling stock, locos, rails, points and trackside accessories *will cost you less than any other make!* Yet they are all strong, made with watch-like precision throughout and splendidly realistic replicas of British and Continental equipment in 00/HO gauge scale. See them all at your Playcraft Railways shop.

Splendidly realistic, strongly made—yet every piece is so reasonably priced!



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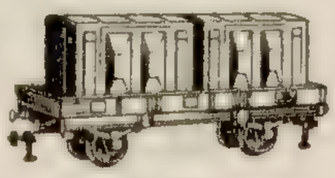
P.345



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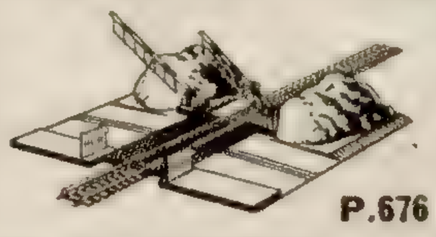


P.676

Here are just a few examples from the Playcraft Railways range :

P.831 *Tank Loco 35/-*
P.345 *B.R. Restaurant/Kitchen Car 9/-*
P.642 *Cement Wagon 5/-*
P.676 *Power operated Level Crossing 25/11*

THE ONLY TRAINS WORTH CATCHING

Playcraft RAILWAYS

SPECIALLY IMPORTED FROM THE CONTINENT

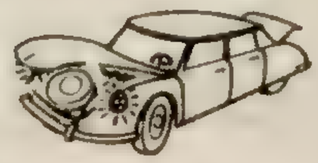
THREE THRILLING DINKY MODELS

Always something new from

DINKY TOYS

precision-engineered by Meccano Limited

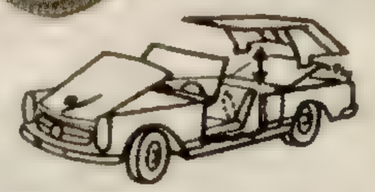
NEW DS 19 CITROEN



● Bonnet opens to show detailed engine *and spare wheel* ● Opening boot ● Prestomatic steering ● All-round suspension ● Jewelled headlights ● Windows, seats and steering wheel ● Die-cast base ● Lime Green with Off-White roof and upholstery *Model No. 530. 4⅜" long*

Retail Price **9/11**

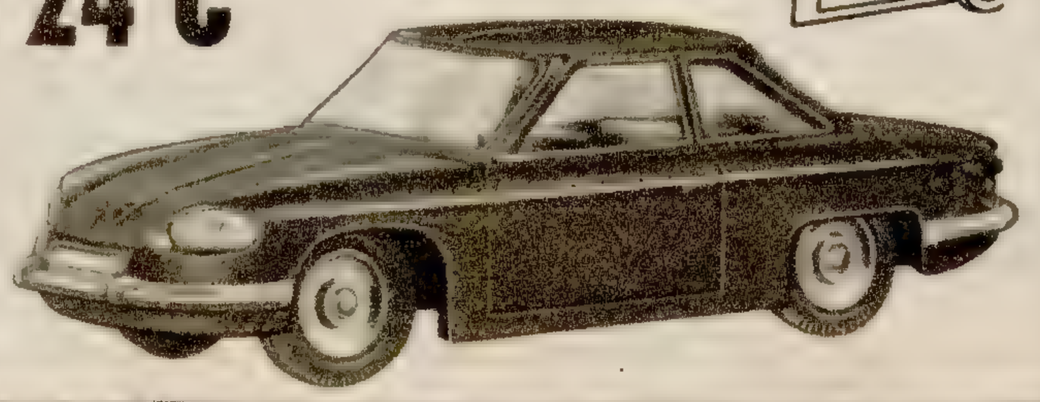
NEW MERCEDES-BENZ 230 SL



● Beautifully detailed model with opening bonnet and boot ● Detailed engine ● Removable hood ● Forward tipping seats ● Special headlights ● All-round suspension ● Windows and steering wheel ● Die-cast base ● Metallic Red with Cream roof and upholstery. *Model No. 516. 3 15/16" long. Retail Price* **11/6**

NEW PANHARD 24 C

● Sliding windows ● Special headlights ● Prestomatic steering ● All-round suspension ● Windows, seats and steering wheel ● Dark Grey with Red upholstery and rear lights. *Model No. 524. 3 15/16" long. Retail Price* **7/11**



Dr. Nolan's TELEVARSITY

MORE TROUBLE FOR BODGER

IT was a wonder Bodger didn't leap straight up in the air!

After all, when you are hiding in the dark and a dog sneaks up and licks your ear, it is a bit of a shock.

Bodger recovered, however: he grabbed the dog and Scruffy licked him all over.

"You silly hound!" Bodger gulped. "You haven't half got me into trouble."

Bodger could hardly complain, for he had brought Scruffy into the school himself. He had wanted a rabbit, so that he could pull it out of a hat during his conjuring performance at the concert. But, not being able to find one, he had grabbed the small, white poodle instead.

That was when the trouble had started. Scruffy's barking had disturbed the whole building.

Bodger had managed to hide in the Third Form room, and it was here that Scruffy had found him and made a great fuss of him. Bodger held tight to the little fellow and wondered what to do next.

It was not long before he had an idea. He had to hide Scruffy somewhere safe—and hide himself as well! So what better hiding place than the control room in the basement?

Ten minutes later, having collected a torch and some blankets from the storeroom on the way, Bodger and Scruffy were down in the control room. Bodger made up a bed for both of them and presently they were sound asleep.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling!

That was the rising bell! It seemed to Bodger that he had hardly closed his eyes. But the school was stirring, shouts and yells came from the dormitories.

"Woof! Woof! Woof!" barked the dog.

Bodger grabbed his nose and clamped it shut.

"You silly animal!" he said. "You'll let everybody know you're here!"

This was true, for the whole building was wired for sound. But nobody had been listening, fortunately.

Bodger wondered what to do about breakfast. If he acted quickly, he might be able to get into the dining-room before anybody else arrived. Grabbing the dog, he hurried out of the basement and hopped on to the Travelator.

This whirled him upstairs to the dining-room, which was quite empty. All the boys and Dr. Nolan were in the bathrooms. Bodger pressed the button that started the conveyor belt that brought in the food, and a lovely smell of mixed grill, kippers, egg and bacon entered the room as it began to move.

Scruffy nearly went mad. Bodger couldn't hold him. The poodle scrambled out of his arms and chased a plate of kippers till it disappeared through the hatch at the other end. Scruffy disappeared as well, still in pursuit.

Not for the first time, Bodger was in trouble with the way food was served at TeleVarsity! The table was a long one arranged against one wall with the moving belt behind it. Stools were fastened to the floor in front of it while the conveyor belt went round and round. As it did so, robots in the kitchen collected dishes and filled clean plates with more food.

With a feeling of horror, Bodger realized that he was not alone. Dr. Nolan had entered, and behind him came a stream of boys. Dr. Nolan looked very stern.

"So!" he said grimly. "We have found our Bodger at last! What excuses, boy, have you for your behaviour last night?"

Bodger hadn't any excuses—he hadn't been able to think of any in time! But Bodger was never lost for an answer.

"Please, sir," he said, "I was only trying to give a good turn at the concert this evening. I wanted a rabbit, but I couldn't find one, sir. But I found a dog."

"Ha!" snorted Dr. Nolan, striding to his place at the head of the table. "So you admit bringing a dog to school! And where, may I ask, is that dog now?"

He need not have asked! For Scruffy, having made the complete round on the moving belt, wolfing a couple of kippers in the process, was appearing once more from the service end.

But nobody would have recognized him as a clean white poodle. In the course of his journey the robots, who wouldn't have known a dog from a plate, had loaded him up with jam and porridge, and Scruffy was looking somewhat dazed.

He was smothered with at least six breakfasts. Porridge dripped from his ears, while he endeavoured to lick jam off his back.

Yells of laughter greeted the sight of the jam and porridge dog, but Scruffy was quite happy.

"Ranger!" Dr. Nolan roared. "Remove that dog immediately!"

"Yes, sir!" gulped Tom, wondering how he was going to do it. "He—he looks a bit messy, sir."

Scruffy saved him the trouble. Startled by the laughter, he leaped across the table and raced out of the room, ignoring the rest of the breakfast. He had enough to get on with, anyway.

Dr. Nolan turned grimly to Bodger.

"George Bodger," he said severely, "this time you shall not escape punishment!"

"N—no, sir," gulped Bodger.

"Don't interrupt!" snorted Dr. Nolan. "I am aware of your reasons for bringing in a dog, so I will be lenient. I will make the punishment fit the crime. Your turn at the concert this evening is cancelled."

Bodger felt stunned. Everything he had done was for the sake of the school concert.

"I mean it!" Dr. Nolan snapped. "If I see you anywhere near the platform this evening, I shall stop the concert!"

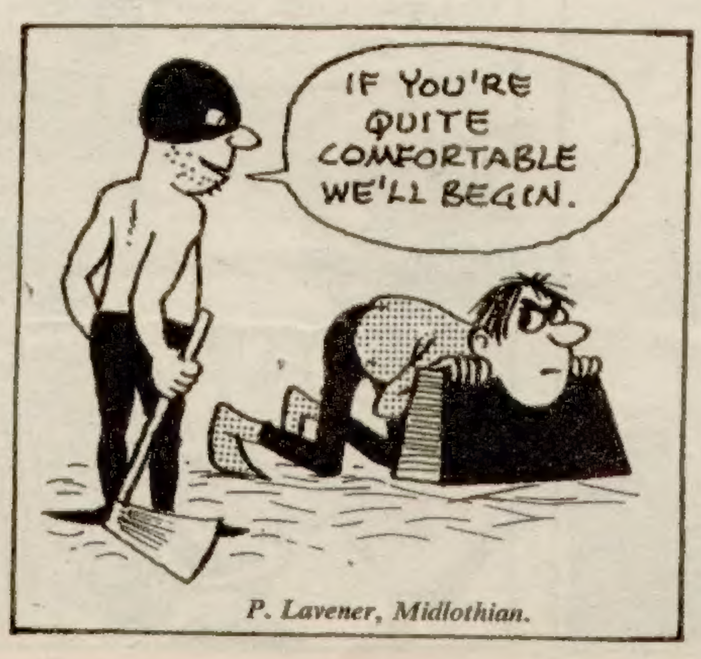
MORE TELEVARSITY NEXT WEEK

PICTURE CROSSWORD ANSWERS

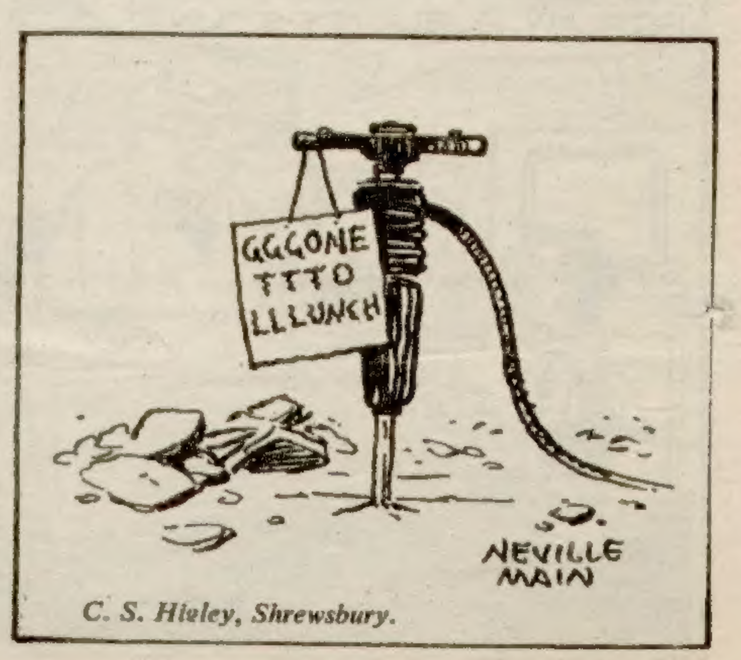
PICK OF THE JOKES

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

M. Murray, London, E.6.



P. Lavener, Midlothian.



C. S. Hiuley, Shrewsbury.

THE TELEGOONS

IN WHITER WHITES THAN WHITE WHITES

MY NAME IS NEDDIE SEAGOON, MAKER OF 'SLUZ' THE WONDER WASHING POWDER. ONE DAY, AS I WAS DOING A TV COMMERCIAL...

LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MINNIE BANNISTER, AN ORDINARY HOUSEWIFE.

SLUZ

SOAP POWDER

ONE OF THESE PILES WAS WASHED IN 'SLUZ', THE OTHER IN ANOTHER WELL-KNOWN BRAND OF NASTY WASHING POWDER. NOW WHICH IS THE WHITEST?

DEFINITELY THIS ONE, BUDDY!

ER...ARE YOU SURE? YOU DON'T WANT TO CHANGE YOUR MIND?

YOU SILLY SAUSAGE! YOU'VE PICKED BRAND 'Y' MADE BY THE FIENDISH GRITPYPE THYNNE!

BRAND Y

HO! HO! NEDDIE DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE WITH 'SLUZ' AGAINST MY BRAND 'Y'

NEXT DAY...

SORRY I HAVE TO WEAR DARK GLASSES, LADIES, BUT THIS SHIRT IS SO WHITE IT DAZZLES ME!

BRAND Y

SOAP POWDER

GRR! OUR SALES ARE FALLING FAST. I MUST THINK UP SOME SUPER STUNT TO ADVERTISE 'SLUZ.'

AH, MY OFFICE BOY, BLUEBOTTLE! YOU'RE JUST THE LAD I NEED FOR MY PUBLICITY STUNT!

SO... GET READY TO TAKE YOUR PICTURES, GENTLEMEN. BLUEBOTTLE WILL BE THE FIRST TO WASH HIS WHITES ON TOP OF MOUNT FRED.

SLUZ

ARE YOU SURE I WON'T GET DEADED, CAPITAIN?

OF COURSE YOU WON'T, LITTLE NERVOUS NERK. MOUNT FRED IS AS SAFE AS HOUSES!

SLUZ

"SO, TO THE TOP OF MOUNT FRED..."

MY CAPITAIN WAS RIGHT. ALL IS QUIET AS I WASH MERRILY WITH 'SLUZ', THE NEW, WONDER...

VOOM!

NEE-HEE! YOU ROTTEN THING, YOU! I'VE BEEN DEADED!

WELL, HOW WAS I TO KNOW MOUNT FRED WAS A VOLCANO?

HEH! HEH! NEDDIE'S WASHING CAME DOWN SO DIRTY THAT EVERYONE WILL BUY BRAND 'Y' IN FUTURE AND I'LL BE EVEN RICHER!

BOY WASHES WITH 'SLUZ' ON MOUNTAIN TOP

"THE FOLLOWING THURSDAY, AS I STROLLED ALONG A COUNTRY LANE..."

YONDER IDIOT HAS WHITER WASHING THAN I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE. I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH HIM.

DA, HALLOOO! JUST DOIN' MY MONDAY WASH, Y'KNOW!

BUT TODAY'S THURSDAY. WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE IT TILL MONDAY?

HUM! I HAVEN'T GOT TIME ON MONDAY— DAT'S MY FRIDAY BATH NIGHT!

BILL TITCOMBE.

TELL ME, MY GOOD FELLOW, HOW DO YOU GET YOUR WASHING SO WHITE?

HUM...IT'S EASY. LET ME SHOW YOU.

I JUST GET A ROCK AND BASH DE WASHING WITH IT. DAT'S HOW IT'S BEEN DONE FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS BEFORE ALL DESE NEW FANGLED WASHING MACHINES AND POWDERS.

"SO FROM THEN ON I SOLD PACKETS OF ROCKS FOR BASHING THE WASHING..."

BRAND Y

SLUZ

THIS IS MUCH MORE FUN THAN HANGING AROUND IN THE KITCHEN, EH, MURIEL?

YES, THANKS TO 'SLUZ'.

CURSES! FOILED AGAIN!

Next week Neddie gets his bath-plugg-ed

The MILKY BAR KID

MILKY BAR KID and Smithy are trapped in a copper mine by a raging flood of water . . .

THE WATER'S RISING AND WE CAN'T GET ANY HIGHER, SMITHY!

MEANWHILE . . .

IT WAS A GOOD JOB FOR US THAT YOU GOT WORRIED 'BOUT YOUR KID AND HIS PAL, MARSHAL!

YEAH, I'VE GOT ANOTHER BUNCH OF RIDERS COMIN' IN FROM THE OTHER SIDE. THAT WAY WE SHOULD SOON FIND THEM!

THAT LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE ... LET'S GO!

AT THE SIGHT OF THE MARSHAL, TEAGLE'S GUNMEN SURRENDER TAMELY . . .

BACK UP THERE, AND START TALKIN'—FAST! WHERE ARE THOSE KIDS!

I CAN HEAR THEM DOWN HERE, MARSHAL ... AND THERE'S FLOOD WATER TOO ...

PA! GET US OUTA HERE! WE CAN'T HANG ON MUCH LONGER!

I'M GOING TO RIDE DOWN IN THAT ORE TRUCK, STEVE! WHEN YOU HEAR ME SHOUT, GET ALL HANDS ON THAT WINDLASS!

THE ORE TRUCK ROARS DOWN THE INCLINE AND ALMOST REACHES THE TRAPPED LADS BEFORE THE FORCE OF THE WATER BRINGS IT TO A HALT . . .

MAKE YOURSELF FAST ON THIS ROPE, I WON'T BE ABLE TO GET THIS TRUCK ANY NEARER!

GOSH! PA, YOU SURE MADE THEM SWEAT TO GET US OUTA THERE!

THE VILLAINS ARE SOON SAFELY BEHIND PRISON BARS . . .

THAT'S NOTHING TO WHAT BOSS TEAGLE HAS COMING TO HIM! I DON'T THINK STEVE HERE AND HIS FAMILY WILL HAVE ANY FURTHER TROUBLE FROM HIM!

I RECKON THEY'VE EARNED THOSE MILKY BARS TOO!

More Milky Bar Kid thrills next week.